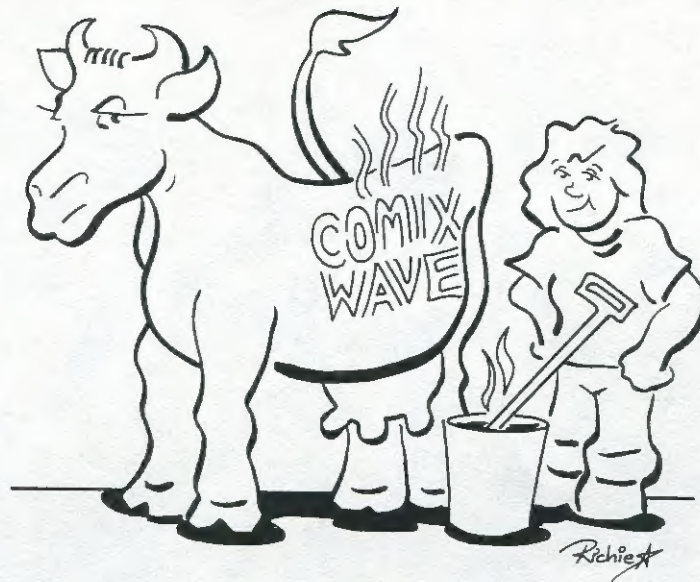




COMIX PLUGOLA

FARMGIRL FUNNIES 7 is 50+ pp and **FARMBOY FUNNIES 8** is the same from Gina and Richie Prosch, 305 Pinehaven #44, Laurens SC 29360. Richie did the logo for this issue. His strip, *Open Range*, is running in **EDGE** magazine out of Greenville, SC. Richie told me about the recent ADD [Attention Deficit Disorder] scam. "Gina has a lot of trouble at the college with Freshmen who screw around for a semester, flunk her class, then hoist the flag of ADD in their defense. Yuppie parents who don't want to admit their kid might not be the sharpest tool in the shed [due in part no doubt to being shunted off to day-care and propped in front of a video screen] can now blame ADD. Once diagnosed, they pump the kid full of ritalin and Jr. becomes the perfect little Beaver Cleaver. I'm not saying there aren't actual cases of people who have the disorder and can benefit from the drugs, but it's just a little too trendy, and a little too convenient. Hooray for the Stepford Children."

Well, Richie, I'll say it for you. No kid benefits from drugs, particularly ritalin. ADDSCAM sounds like a good socio-psychological hustle. I'll bet a lot of shrinks are getting fat off it.

Rip off Press's new GP line of comics will be issued under the **MAGNECOM** logo. It was announced as **IGUANA**, but turns out someone already uses that logo.

CEREBUS 171 continues Dave Sim's Mothers and Daughters Series.

Due in September from Kitchen Sink, a 5 issue series of Berni Wrightson's **CAPTAIN STERNN**, incorporating his Heavy Metal work.

Julia Winograd's latest book of poetry is **PAPER TELEVISION**. Locally known as the bubble lady because she used to walk around People's Park and Telegraph Avenue blowing bubbles, Julia publishes one or two volumes of poetry each year. I always enjoy reading her poems because I know the places and often the people she is writing about. Each book is a slice of contemporary

life. Julie is always inquisitive, observant, direct, compassionate, and rarely obtuse or deliberately obscure. Observing the inaugural tv show she asks

What good does it do
for your country to own the whole world
If you lose your job
and nobody knows you're alive?

By mail, you can order Julia's books for \$5 pp from Zeitgeist Press, 4368 Piedmont Ave., Oakland, CA 94611.

CITY LIMITS GAZETTE is \$15 a year from Steve Willis, POB 390, McCleary, WA 98557-0390. Steve wrote a nice intro to J. R. Williams collection **FUN HOUSE**. \$5.45 pp from Starhead Comix, POB 30044, Seattle, WA 98103.

WEIRDO 28 is on sale. Its title **VERRE D'EAU** resulted from a French mispronunciation of **WEIRDO**. Crumb's latest work is cynical, unfunny, and basically out of touch with the economic reality of our time. His six page diatribe about blacks and Jews is about as informed as the interior of the Cleveland parochial school mind circa 1949. Crumb has always used his art as a outlet for his hatred and prejudice, turning his pen from drooling hippies and facetious gurus to self-parody and ridicule. In the late sixties, it was funny, liberating, fresh, and painfully honest, but for an isolationist Crumb living in a little French town to thumb his nose at those who have stayed to struggle with the social problems in the America of the 1990's, his invective is neither funny nor witty; it's just reactionary to the max. What we have in **WEIRDO 28** is Aline and Robert Crumb gloating over their good fortune to be able to raise their daughter, Sophie, in the peace and safety of the French countryside while the rest of us have to worry about our children and grandchildren being victims of a drive-by shooting or an extended drug problem. Aline, in her story, admits her hypocrisy. Crumb just bitchies and gripes. There is a lot of whining in the various stories in this issue, a lot of hyperbolic sarcasm, a lot of general nastiness, but that has been the *raison d'être* of this mag since it

started. In his two pages, Bill Griffith describes the casinos in Lake Tahoe as monuments to greed, but he goes inside and he probably spent his share of time at the machines off-panel. Anti-establishment cartoonists have it good in America, because they can draw and say what they please. Anyone ever see any anti-Egyptian comic books, any anti-Iranian comics drawn by Iranians, any anti-Israeli comics for sale in Jerusalem or Palestine?

The anti-establishment attitude of **WEIRDO** is almost quaint in its basic impotence. I think comic art has brought about a lot of changes since the earliest underground comix, but they have been internal changes, changes in the acceptable content of comic art, not social changes.

An SASE to Gary Usher will get you the latest copy of his **Public Domain Comics**. Gary is currently working on an index of **CASCADE COMIX MONTHLY**. 205 N.Vine St., Glenwood, IA 51534.

Did you know that Grasshopper consumption by humans and free-range chickens reduces pesticide use in The Phillipines? You would be informed of things like that if you read **THE FOOD INSECTS NEWSLETTER**. And, sorry I didn't tell you in time, but the Insect Club in Washington, DC, held their first Bourgeois Bug Tasting Event last February 15. A reviewer in the local paper gave it 1 1/2 stars. You can get a free copy of the Insects Newsletter by writing to the Department of Entomology, 1630 Linden Drive, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisc 53706.

CLAY GEERDES COMIX WAVE 141

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P. O. Box 7094, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Artwork and material herein ©the artists or writers involved and used here for promotional purposes only. \$11 for the next twelve issues. \$45 for a complete set of back issues. Checks to Clay Geerdes. MO's or cash, fine. CW began in October of 1973. This is the 20th anniversary issue!

Joe Zabel and Gary Dumm illustrated Harvey Pekar's **DANCING WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED**, the story of an outsider who tries to join a group and fails miserably at new age hipness. \$4.50 pp from Caliber Press, 621-B S. Main St., Plymouth, MI 48170. I think most people who are into comics are quasi-outsiders even when we get together. New agers cluster together and validate one another like parking receipts.

Wasn't **WILD PALMS** the worst piece of degenerate amoral pompous contemptible pseudo-tech dreck to date? If that tv series didn't end the careers of Oliver Stone and Jim Belushi, I don't know why not. The plot was pure brainless clod and watching a fine actor like Robert Loggia forced to say those shitty lines was torture beyond the pale. This rot rated second but declined as the boredom mounted. They should have called it **SON OF TWIN PEAKS** or **DEMONIC DAUGHTER OF BLUE VELVET**. Whether it's regular tv or high density tv or giant screen tv or holographic tv or tv in 3-D, it's goddamned tv, folks, and the viewer is immobilized the way the power structure likes him/her. I thought **WILD PALMS** would really get into electronic exploitation, stuff like Virtual Reality and Morphing, instead we get a rehash of demonic crapola with malevolent children brainwashed to off their parents and holographic Angie Dickenson choking her daughter to death on National TV. Hokum embellished with electronic gimmickry. Not even good soap op. Hated it, as you know who is prone to remark on **LIVING COLOR**, a show in decline, but one which still strikes a chord in me from time to time.

Film dementia is the latest phase in the boardrooms and penthouses where the rich compute their schemes to loot the mallies. It's all about demographics. Alienate everyone and diversify the market to increase sales of worthless, useless, and often dangerous rot. Did you watch the season ender of **SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE**? Kevin Kline doing fart jokes? What a bunch of no-talent bums. Call that writing? Even the laugh track couldn't save that dogshit. Did you



really need the money and ego-boo that bad, Kline?

THE CAYMAN ISLANDS

There were three islands, Grand Cayman, Little Cayman, and Cayman Brac. The two smaller ones were sparsely populated and seldom visited. Grand Cayman had eighteen thousand people, twelve thousand registered corporations and three hundred banks. The population was twenty percent white, twenty percent black and the other sixty percent wasn't sure and didn't care. Georgetown, the capital, in recent years had become an international tax haven with bankers as secretive as the Swiss. There were no income taxes, corporate taxes, capital gains taxes, estate or gift taxes. Certain companies and investments were given guarantees against taxation for fifty years. The Islands were a dependent British territory and an unusually stable government. Revenue from import duties and tourism funded whatever government was necessary. There was no crime or unemployment.

John Grisham
THE FIRM, 1991

With **#586**, Gladstone resumed publication of **WALT DISNEY'S COMICS AND STORIES**. The Disney Company botched it. Too dumb to know where the market was. They didn't even have the books on sale in their mall stores!

Don't miss Hilary Barta's great parody of McFarland's **SPAWN** in **STUPID** #1. Barta did a wonderful job on **PLASTIC MAN** for DC a couple of years ago but the company was too stupid to keep the title going. Jack Cole's PM was always more interesting and innovative than **SUPERMAN** and with the new computer technology that has been demonstrated in films like **TERMINATOR 2** a great PM film could be made, but don't hold your breath. If you don't see **STUPID** in your local store, you can write to Image and beg for their catalog, 2400 E. Katella, Suite 1065, Anaheim, CA 92806. Though why anyone would locate an office on Katella is beyond me. Last time

I was down there, it took me half an hour to get across Katella because of the Disneyland traffic. How do the employees stand the stress?

Meanwhile, in **SPAWN** 10, Cerebus goes around saying I am not Spawn over and over again. We know, Dave. We know, Dave. We know, Dave.

TESTY MAGAZINE 1 is out from Michael Stengl. \$3 pp for the pilot copy of this mag which combines prose, poetry, and some good cartooning. POB 568 Trinidad, CA 95570.

A buck for postage will get you a copy of Dr. Anderson's **ELLIOTT THE GIGANTALOEPE**, a DZ. POB 987, Campbell, CA 95009. Great cat joke on the back page, Doc.

Classic Music Played In 7-Eleven Store

Sacramento

South Sacramento 7-Eleven store owner Kevin Woo has a high-brow cure for loitering — classical music piped into the parking lot.

The sound of Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and Verdi is keeping teens away and Woo and neighbors happy. Police say nighttime gatherings of teens outside the 7-Eleven had become a serious neighborhood problem.

Associated Press

HERBIE has returned. The Fat Fury is back in a new series from Dark Horse, but, sad to say, the stories are reactionary and just downright stoopid. The lead story is called "The most beautiful Mom in the world," and John Byrne wrote it, though why he would want his name on it is beyond me. This is an old cliché-ridden sitcom plot wherein Mom becomes a model and leaves Dad and Herbie at home to try to cope with the housework [if it sounds like Mr. Mom, you're tuned in to the right channel, but I remember it as *Lucy Makes A Commercial* [1952], source for **THE THRILL OF IT ALL** with Doris Day as Mom, 1963]. Herbie and Pop can only function by getting Mom back in the kitchen where Byrne clearly thinks she belongs. Save your \$2.50. This unenlightened sexist crapola insults anyone with even a trace of intelligence. Herbie fans will be glad to know subsequent issues will contain a lot of the Ogden Whitney originals reprinted.

